

The Right Reasons

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Summary: Pitch gathers his forces for one more try at total domination. With Sandy, Tooth, and Bunny out of commission North will need some new allies. But can a Viking with a dragon, a princess with golden hair, a winter spirit with a troubled past and a princess with a warrior's spirit come together to save all their worlds? Maybe if they have the right reasons. (M for later chapters/yaoi)

1. Prologue

****Hey guys! So my head has been a buzzing with this story idea and I'm finally getting it out! Hope you guys like it!****

Pitch took a deep breath of the cool night air, letting it out slowly through his nose as he closed his eyes, relishing this moment that had taken so much effort to reach. A decade was just a blink of an eye an immortal such as Pitch who had spent countless millennia roaming the far reaches of the cosmos, but the sheer amount of effort and preparation that had gone into the last twelve years made it seem as though it had been much longer. Still, all that effort had indeed been worth it, all the hours spent pouring over dusty toms lost until he had rediscovered them, the days of searching for the needed focuses and materials and the years of planning how to acquire the proper power sources. His lips split into a wicked smile sharp teeth pale against his dark skin as he surveyed those power sources. Toothiana guardian of innocents and keeper of memories, E. Aster Bunnymund guardian of hope and herald of spring, and his personal nemesis, Sanderson McSnoozy guardian of light and weaver of dreams-all frozen in place, encased in chunks of glittering black glass.

"Look at you! Guardians of childhood-Pathetic. See what happens when there aren't five of you against little old me?" At that moment a moonbeam fell across the cliff face where Pitch stood, the pale light casting his shadow long over the ground. "Oh, don't be like that old friend. You knew I'd never give up, don't be mad that I beat

your cocky, overconfident watchers this time! It's my turn now and I will not be denied!"

With that the king of nightmares placed the large mirror he had brought with him in the middle of the circle created by himself and the three frozen guardians. Throwing his hands into the air Pitch began chanting, his long fingers gesturing wildly as the surface of the mirror began to darken, shadows roiling over its silver surface. The wind began to pick up as Pitch's chanting grew faster, his voice harsh as he shouted the arcane words into the night; slowly the mirror began to lift off of the ground, dark shapes flickering across its shadowy surface.

With a terrible screech the glass prisons shattered-along with the guardians within. The shards shimmered and melted into shadow, rolling across the ground to gather under the mirror and coiled up to veil the gilded mirror. His voice reaching a fevered pitch, entire body swaying as his arms wove arcane runes faster than humanly possible, Pitch shouted the last words of his spell to the sky. With the sound of wind rushing past a cracked window, the shadows swirling around the area condensed over the mirror before bursting outward accompanied by the sound of shattering glass. Without the wind and Pitch's frantic chanting the silence on the cliff face was almost oppressive as the shadows slowly began to settle.

"Whatâ€¦where am I?" said a female voice from the shadows. A roar sounded, deep and angry. "What is that?" the female voice sounded again. Both were silenced as a low growl rumbled through the very stone beneath Pitch's feet. A gust of wind slammed into Pitch whipping his dark hair around his face as the shadowy mist was blown away, revealing three beings. The first was a woman with dark curly hair, young and quite beautiful. The second was a great bear, scars marring its black hide, its eyes a dark red. The final being was not standing on the cliff but was sitting at the base of the cliff, the giant dragon's head resting on the edge of the cliff. Pitch took a moment to bask in his success as he looked around the cliff; he had chosen his allies carefully, searching world after world for those who had the potential to be useful and a vulnerability to his manipulation. In the end his searching had found him these three, each powerful in their own right, each yearning for revenge and, most importantly, each very much dead.

"Greetings friends, welcome back to the world of the living." Pitch said, opening his arms wide as all three beings locked their eyes on the Nightmare King.

"Who are you and where have you brought me?" Said the woman, her eyes boring into Pitch.

"I, my Lady, am your savior, your friend-and your master." Pitch said, his tone going from friendly to deadly at the final title.

"Who do you think you are? I'm my own master!" The woman shouted, looking affronted.

"Mor'du is slave to no man!" The bear shouted. Pitch was pleased to find Mor'du spoke the same tongue as the bears of this world; of course Pitch spoke bear, any competent wizard knew a myriad of different languages.

Pitch's dragon speech was rusty, not having had reason to use it since the humans managed to kill the last of the great creatures in this world, but he could still understand the words of the giant beast as it rumbled a deep voice, "_Who is it that dares presume dominion over Red Death? I would know your name, mortal, before I devour you_."

"Easy friends, easy. We are all on the same side here." Pitch said with a placating smile, holding his hands out in an opening gesture.

"What side would that be?" Said the woman, clutching her shawl around her thin shoulders.

"Why my dear-" Pitch paused, gesturing for the woman's name.

"Gothel." She said after a moment's hesitation.

"Why dear Gothel, we are on the side of those who have been cheated by fate! Cast away by the world that made us who we are! Brought low by enemies touting some vaunted sense of self-righteous _justice_! The only difference between us is that I survived my brush with the rampant vigilantism that so plagues the worlds, and unfortunately my friends, you did not." All three of the other burst out at once, Gothel shouting, Mor'du roaring, and Red Death Rumbling; Pitch let their disbelief and protests run its course, it would do him no good to try and convince them until they had calmed down and besides, he wouldn't have been heard had he tried. When a semblance of order had once again returned to the meeting Pitch said "It's true my friends, your brush with your respective _heroes_ had left you dead and, well, crushed, blown up, and aged to dust." Pitch pointed at Mor'du, Red Death, and Gothel in turn. "Fear not though, I come offering a second chance! You will serve me as I work to bring darkness to my world, and your worlds in turn!"

"_What gives you the right to command us mortal? Surly you do not expect gratitude to win your _my_ servitude!_"

"Of course not my large friend! I command you simply because I know the most of what must be done to bring about our victory, and because each of your continued existence is linked to my will. If I so wish I can dismiss you from this world with a flick of my thoughts."

"_And if I eat you? Snacks do not have thoughts to flick._"

"This is true, however as I said your existence is bound to my will, so should I cease to exist, and my will along with me, well I'm sure you can figure it out."

"I must say, I am reluctantly impressed-" Gothel started, looking expectantly at Pitch.

"Pitch Black, Lord of Fear and King of Nightmares." Pitch supplied.

"Well then Pitch Black, I am reluctantly impressed by you. What would you have us do?"

"Ah good good, to business then!" Pitch said with evident glee. "Alone we were each defeated, but together no snot-nosed winter brat," he turned to Gothel, "Long haired bimbo," "he turned to Mur'du, "unkempt wild child," he turned to Red Death, "or bespeckled pipsqueak will stand a chance against us! Come friends, we have much to do!"

North jerked awake bolting up in his large bed, the vision still vivid in his mind. Looking out his small window to see the moonlight streaming in he knew his dream had indeed been a vision of what was occurring elsewhere. Quickly sliding from bed and getting dressed North belted on his swords and headed to his library. With Sandy, Tooth, and Bunny out of commission he would need someone else to help him deal with this new threat. He paced the room wracking his mind for just who; Jack of course, the boy had refused their offer to become an guardian after Pitch's last attack and North had to admit he was none too impressed with what he had heard of the winter spirit's activities since but that was all moot now-Jack had proved himself once, it was time to see if he could do it again. That still left North needed more help, as he thought, cycling through the spirits he knew the end of his dream came back to him. 'Long haired bimbo,' 'unkempt wild child,' and 'bespeckled pipsqueak' certainly did not scream 'hero,' but if Pitch's words were true then whoever these individuals were, they had already defeated these monsters one. Cracking his knuckles North went over to a particularly dusty bookshelf and pulled down an ancient tomb-Pitch had called his allies, now it was North's turn.

****And so it begins! I promise it will pick up in the first chapter! Please comment and let me know what you think so far! ^)^ ****

2. Chapter 1

****Hey guys! So this fic may or may not have like taken over my life right now -- I have homework that there is NO way I'm concentrating on right now cause of it -- On the bright side, more chapters for you all! ^)^****

****Enjoy****

Chapter 1, in which Jack gets an unwelcome visitor and even more unwelcome news

"Damn your cold!" the young man said as he ran his hands down Jack's bare back, his lips lighting little lines of fire along the winter spirit's collarbone. Jack arched his head back, giving the young man better access to his neck as his fingers danced across a muscular chest down past well defined abs to rest at his waist.

"Is that a bad thinnng?" Jack asked, his words turning into a breathless moan as the young man started sucking lightly at his collarbone.

Jack shuddered at the warm breath as his ear "I'll just have to fix that." Jack felt his mood fall slightly at the remark; it was not the first time he'd heard it and he hated it, he didn't need fixing-he wasn't broken. He's thoughts were distracted then as a tongue darted into his ear, gentle teeth brushing against his earlobe.

THUD

"The hell was that?" the young man asked as he jerked to the side, looking up at the ceiling where the thud had come from. Jack didn't answer, he had a sinking suspension in his gut just what the hell that was. "Is someone walking on the roof?" yes, someone was walking on the roof and Jack only knew one person who walks across roofs in the middle of the night.

With a sigh Jack pushed himself out of the bad, his arousal almost completely dead now, expecting the knock at the door that came a moment later. Sliding the chain off the lock Jack opened the door to find the large Russian, red coat gleaming in the streetlamp, long white beard nearly glowing in the dim light. "North," Jack said, his voice colder than he'd intended but come on, North had some terrible timing.

"Jack!" North exclaimed happily, pointedly looking only at Jack's face "Not interrupting anything important I hope?"

Jack raised his eyebrow "uh, kinda ya."

"What's going on hot stuff?" The young man called from the bed, his eyebrows rose as North entered the room "Heh, I'm all up for the third dude, but I gotta say you've got a unique taste in role-play."

"Do not flatter self." North said dismissively as he stepped further into the room, closing the door behind him.

"Excuse me? Just who the fuck do you think you are?" the young man said defensively.

"That is no concern of yours Ethan, now why don't you go home ya?" North said, talking calmly but forcefully. Ethan made to get up, cracking his knuckles; North sighed. Making a quite gesture with his hand and mumbling under his breath, Ethan fell backward onto the bed, snoring quietly.

"You know I had plans for him." Jack said disgruntled as he gestured off handedly toward the bad, his cold glare never leaving North.

"I can imagine." North said with a slightly exasperated tone.

"Ya ya, I know full well what you think of my lifestyle." Now Jack was truly starting to get annoyed. He had been well on his way to a very enjoyable night with the unfortunate man now sleeping rather loudly on the bed when North had just barged in and he was in no mood to be lectured, again, on how irresponsible he was being. Jack was an immortal, so he knew better than to let himself fall for a mortal and none of the immortals he had been with had clicked beyond a physical attraction. Aster had been the closest but they had realized pretty quickly that they were better as friends than a couple. Finally Jack had fallen into his current lifestyle and it worked just fine for him.

"I did not come here for fight Jack." North said, raising his hands in a gesture of peace.

"Well, that is a relief!" Jack said, brushing the back of his hand across his brow theatrically. "So what do I owe this unwanted visit to?"

"I need your help Jack."

"Of course you do! Why else would you come slum it with lowly Jack Frost." North started to protest but Jack shook his head, heaving his hand in dismissal "What do you need?"

"Pitch is back."

"Pitch? Last time we saw him he was running back to oggie boogy land with his tale between his legs, what could he possibly be up to that you need my help?"

"He has been working on something Jack, something big-" North started but Jack cut him off.

"Oh has he? Well I haven't seen any sign of his return in the kids, no nightmares running amuck, nothing. Whatever he's doing he can't be very strong." At North's raised eyebrows he continued, a touch of anger now creeping into his voice. "Yes, North, just because I didn't want to take some pledge and adhere to your rigid responsibilities doesn't mean I don't care about the children or watch over them anymore. Jamie is doing really good by the way, got into a great college, loving his classes, found a nice girl, still believes in us with all his heart, wonders why I'm the only one who bothers to visit-ever."

"I did not say you do not care for children Jack-" North began, but again Jack spoke over him.

"No, but you were thinking it! You all think it, and frankly I get sick of the 'holier than thou' attitude you all have toward me. Just cause I don't go about things like you doesn't mean I don't care. Why do you think I don't visit anyone buy Bunny anymore? All of you look down on my like your better cause you've got your code, he just comes with benefits!" Jack was shouting now. He wasn't sure where this outburst was coming from, except it felt good to vent his feelings finally. North had ruined his night by showing up for the first time in over half a decade and he had the audacity to ask him for help! Pausing for a moment Jack closed his eyes to calm himself, there was a time when most of the small motel room would be frosted over by his outburst, but he had better control over himself and his powers now. "Whatever Pitch is up to, I'm sure you and the others can handle it."

North held his ground throughout Jack's tirade, never breaking eye contact with the incensed spirit. When he finally fell silent North said "The others are gone Jack."

Jack stared, stunned, his eyes growing as wide as dinner plates. Finally he said "What?"

"There are no others Jack-that is why I need you."

Jack was in shock, his mind refusing to accept what it was being told. "Butâ€|Sandyâ€|Tooth..I say Bunny last weekâ€|how?"

North let out a deep breath through his noes, his expression going grim, and described the nightmare-vision he had seen.

"Hold on, so the two of us are supposed to stop Pitch, an evil bear, a witch and a dragon the size of a mountain? Are you insane?" Jack was talking quickly.

"No, I have plan to get help." North said, shifting closer to the door.

"How? Who? I don't see how we can be more the a speed bump for them, North."

"We will get allies the same way Pitch did."

"You mean these heroes you mentioned?"

"Da, we will bring them here."

"What makes you think they'll help?"

"They are heroes Jack, heroes always help."

Jack sighed. "And you need my help still?" North nodded. "Fine, what can I do?"

"Vundabar!" North shouted. "Let us go!"

"Can I put some clothes on before we go?" Jack asked.

"Please." North waited while Jack grabbed his cloths from where they had been thrown on the floor and slipped them on.

"So where are we going?"

"To my library, I have what we need to call allies there."

"Fine."

They stepped outside onto the cool night air, Jack took a deep breath and let it out through his nose.

North turned to Jack. "Sorry for ruining night Jack, though I doubt Ethan would have been much fun." As North spoke he reached into a pocked, produced a glowing snow globe and tossed it into the air. Pausing just in front of the portal he turned to see Jack's half confused half incredulous face and said with a wink, "He is on nice list." With that the big man vanished into the swirling magic, leaving Jack to chuckle in spite of himself before following suit.

**So ya, this is very much an AU, I will be sure to make the changes very clear as the story goes forward, and I promise not to change TOO much! XD As always I love all of you and I love your reviews, so click that button over there and leave one! **

****Took a while, life, school, and a minor depressed spell all conspired to keep me away from writing :/ Anywho, hope everyone enjoys this one!****

Chapter 2, in which the team is formed-sort of

Hiccup walked through the lush woods outside of Berk. The bright spring sun filtering through the fledgling canopy cast dappled patches of light green on the forest below. The weather, which had been getting warmer for days now, was bright and sunny, no clouds marring the blue of the sky for the first time in months. The forest was dressed in its spring finest, trees blossoming with strands of white flowers, bright green shoots pushing their way free of the dark soil blooming into bright flowers. In a land that was snowbound most of the year, where weather was closer to frostbite than heatstroke for most of the year, this brief respite from the cold was celebrated. The world was bright, sunny, warm, happy and full of life.

Hiccup could not remember feeling more miserable.

Hiccup trudged through the forest, lacking to motivation to even lift his feet fully. He swatted a branch out of his way which, of course, sprang back to smack him across the face. Stumbling backward his prosthetic foot caught on a vine and he tumbled forward, flat on his face. Hiccup sighed, past the point of caring after all, why shouldn't the world kick him when he was down? Toothless' soft footfalls preempted the arrival of the black dragon, and Hiccups only true friend in the world. His friend's muzzle set down near his head and Hiccup grabbed it, allowing Toothless to help him back to his feet. "Thanks buddy." Hiccup scratched Toothless under the ear for a bit before continuing through the woods until he came to a small clearing. There he sat down and pulled his knees to his chest, resting his forehead on his knees. Astrid's words kept swimming through his head, loud and far too accurate "â€| just don't seem interested in me. It's fine if you're not, but if you're not I don't want to waste my time."

_She's right you know. We both know what you're really interested in and it's not _her_. Hiccup's inner voice said before he smothered it. _That is not true! I'm interested in her!_ He thought to himself. If only saying it made it true. "Arg!" Hiccup shouted to the sky, hitting his head against his knees. He wanted to just sit here forever and forget about the world. The large scaly head persistently bumping into his shoulder had other plans. Looking up Hiccup looked into Toothless' large eyes. "What is it buddy?" Toothless sat back on his hind legs and bobbed his head several times at Hiccup "I don't want talk about itâ€|" Toothless stared at him for a long moment before he crouched low, proffering his empty saddle to Hiccup. "Not now Toothless." Of course Toothless wouldn't take no for an answer and Hiccup found himself swept off his feet and onto the saddle, only barely able to get himself situated and his foot locked into place before Toothless jumped skyward.

Hiccup loved flying with a passion, the wind whipping around him and the weightless feeling combined with the sheer freedom of not being bound to the earth was something he would always cherish. For a while the pair flew fast and hard, threading through rocky crags and dodging through the forests proved an accident distraction Hiccup from his thoughts. Their flight came to an end far too soon for his

liking though, as Toothless set himself down on the very top of a small mountain, an area about thirty feet wide ending in sheer drops in every direction.

Getting off Toothless' back Hiccup looked around. "Uh, Toothless, what are we doing here?" Toothless settled himself on his hind legs and looked at Hiccup. "Oh no, I told you I don't want to talk about it." Toothless circled a small area on the ground before settling down and closing his eyes. "You going to keep me here until I talk, aren't you?" Toothless nodded, eyes still closed. Throwing his head back Hiccup sat down and, sighing in exasperation, said "Fine! I'll tell you you pushy, nosy, can't tell when to let it rest, brat of a lizard!" Toothless stirred to life, lifting his head and setting his front paws in front of him. He looked for all the world like a giant cat as he gazed at Hiccup expectantly. "Astrid broke things offâ€¦" Hiccup said, the words hard to say. Toothless tilted his head. "Because she said I didn't seem interested in her." Toothless widened his eyes jutting his head forward ever so slightly. "Yes! â€¦Well, I mean kindaâ€¦I thinkâ€¦I don't know!" Hiccup buried his face in his hands. There was a shuffling sound and then a hard nose brushed against his hands. Hiccup looked up to meet Toothless' large eye staring back at him. "Because Toothless, and I'm not saying I do, but Vikings don't feel like that about other guys, were not supposed to,â€¦it's not right." Toothless cocked his head the other direction. "Because we're just not, it's just how things are." At that Toothless leaned back and brought both his front legs across his chest, doing a very good imitation of crossing his arms, a gesture he'd grown incessantly very fond of since mastering it. "That's different," Hiccup insisted "we were wrong about you guys." Toothless raised his nonexistent eyebrows. "That's different. People tolerate me now after the thing with the Red Death but if they knew-well if I was and they knew, there's no way they'd accept me. Nobody would so much as look at me." Toothless padded over and pressed his head against Hiccup's side "I know you would buddy." Hiccup said, unable to suppress a small smile. "So can we go now?" After a moment Toothless crouched down to allow Hiccup access to his back and saddle. They were about to take off when the strangest thing started to happen; fog started to coalesce around them, growing thicker by the second until Hiccup felt a jerking sensation around his midsection and a sense of vertigo filled his head.

"Did it work?" Hiccup stiffened at the unfamiliar voice that emanated from the fog; Toothless' ears were quivering in every direction as he crouched low, curling his body around Hiccup protectively.

"I do not know, hold for moment." Said a second voice, deeper with some sort of thick accent. The second voice returned, lower and mumbling some gibberish and a light wind whipped around Hiccup, dissipating the fog that surrounded him-Hiccup gasped. Where moments before they had been standing on top of a mountain, Hiccup now found himself in the middle of a very large library; towering bookshelves packed with more books than Hiccup had suspected existed. Hiccup was standing in a large area where several tables, now stacked against one wall, likely stood, facing two people he'd ever met before.

Directly in front of him stood a large man, easily the same size as his father, wearing a bright red coat and sporting an impressive white beard that hung down nearly his waist. Standing behind the large man and slightly to the side was a tanager, probably around Hiccup's age. He was tall and thin wearing a dark blue hoodie that

looked even darker against his pale skin and snow white hair. _He's cute._ Hiccup's inner voice interjected before he told it to shut up. It was Toothless' growl that alerted Hiccup to the other two people in the room, both young women, standing off to either side of him. One was around his height with what he could only describe as a mane of fiery red hair that fell down her back, she was crouching low with a bow in hand, arrow drawn the head jumping between whoever in the room was moving at the moment. The other girl was a bit taller, wearing a bright pink sundress and gold blond hair that hiccup wouldn't call long. Long hair was hair that hung down to your waist, maybe a little lower, really long hair went around the back of your knees; this girls hair fell down to the ground, coiled around her feet at least four times and still had enough left for reach back to her chest where she was currently clutching it so hard her knuckles were white.

The dead silence in the room was broken by the white haired teen as he looked at the large man.

"_These_ are your heroes North? _This_ is what were supposed to use to fight off Pitch's _army?_ You do remember that it took _five_ of us to beat him last time and we almost lost!." Hiccup was surprised by the tone in the teens voice, a mixture of anger and desperation, as he gestured at him at the girls and he found himself slightly offended by it.

"Calm self Jack, we have guests." The large man, North, said gesturing for him to calm down.

"No, North, I'm not going to calm down! You know what were up against, you said you were finding us _heroes_, these are _not_ heroes! That one" he pointed at the blond girl "Looks like she's about to piss herself, the one over there," he pointed at the red head "well at least she seems to be able to fight, though I'd be impressed if she's even a little literate and I very much doubt if she's ever even hear of 'soap,' and this one" he took a step toward Hiccup, Toothless crouched lower, raising his wings to cover more of Hiccup and hissing low and menacing "is a cripple. At least he comes with a dragon, that's something." Now Hiccup was very offended, this white haired teenager was a grade A asshole, and by the look of it so were the two girls. "You came to me asking for help North, but I don't know what you're expecting when this is what we've got to work with." With that the white haired teen turned and walked out of the room.

"Jack wait, don't-" North was cut off by the slam of the door. He pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed before turning to Hiccup and the girls, his face brightening, "Greetings! Welcome to â€" The red haired girl cut him off.

"Who are you and how the hell did I get here?" She spoke with an accent that Hiccup had never heard before.

"I-I'd like to know that myself." Chimed in the blond, her voice only shaking a little bit.

Hiccup, ever the practical thinker, waited to see what North would say not seeing any point in asking the same question a third time.

"Excellent questions!" the large man boomed "Never stop asking questions , questions very important, without them you get no answers! For example; I am Nicholas St. North, Guardian Spirit of Wonder, Lord of the Cossack Thieves, Final Apprentice of Ombric Shalazar the Last Atlantien Archmage, and Last Wizard of the Atlantien Order." Well that cleared up just about nothing, except that this North figure was apparently a wizard which automatically had Hiccup on the defensive; in all the old tales anyone who had magic was best treated with at the very least nervous caution and at worst outright fear and hatred. The large man certainly didn't seem dangerous, a bit exuberant to be sure but not menacing or evil, that being said Hiccup still wasn't about to trust him. Glancing at the two girls Hiccup saw the red haired one stiffen, crouching farther into her defensive stance while the blond haired visibly relaxed, he hands loosening their death grip on her golden locks.

"I've not much love in my heart for wizards, best hope yer next answer gives me a good reason not ta shoot ye," the red head spoke quickly, leveling her drawn bow with North's chest. The imposing man's chipper mood didn't seem in the slightest way diminished by the threat to his life, at least if his booming laugh was anything to judge by, and he addressed the red head directly now.

"I have called you each here because I need your help."

"And why, pray tell, do we want ta help you?" the red head asked, more than a little hostility in her voice.

"Another excellent question! We need your help because without it, whole world will be ruled by shadows, and then yours will be."

"What do ya mean ruled by shadows, and what'r you gettin at with "our world," where are we if were not in our worlds?"

"Ah, now that is quite a story!" With that North launched into an story about an evil being names Pitch Black and his attempt to take over this world and how he, a giant rabbit, a shooting star, a bird lady and that asshole with white hair had driven him back. Hiccup had to admit it had been a very long time since he'd heard a story that crazy, and he had regular interactions with large groups of drunken Vikings. North then launched into a vision he had seen, Hiccup's stomach dropped along with the color in his face when he spoke of the giant dragon Pitch had summoned. Red Death was dead, he couldn't be back, there was just no way! Looking around he saw horrified expressions that must have mirrored his own on both the girls faces, the red head releasing the draw on her bow as she looked at the large man as though he'd just told her she was going to die, the blond had regained her death grip on her hair.

"So you want us to help you beat this Pitch and the ones he's brought from out worlds?" Hiccup asked, finally speaking.

North nodded happily "Dah! But first we must be making with introductions! Cannot save world with strangers ya?" He looked around expectantly at the three, none of whom seemed eager to speak. Finally Hiccup decided to go, after all if he was going to be working with these people they should get to know each other.

"I'm Hiccup," He said, feeling rather self-conscious about his name as three pairs of eyes glues themselves to him, "and this is

Toothless." He said, gesturing to the dragon that was still curled protectively around him.

"Merida." Said the red head, lowering her bow completely now, though keeping the arrow knocked as she looked from face to face.

"I'm Rapunzel." said the blond girl, letting go of her hair to give a little bow "And this is Pascal." She said, gesturing to a small lizard that Hiccup had not noticed on her shoulder, probably because it blended into her dress perfectly. As she gestured to it however the small creature shagged from bright pink to a light green, earning wide eyed looks from Hiccup and Merida and a booming chuckle from North.

"Good good! Now we know each other, I go get Jack." With that the large man turned and strode out the same door that the thin teen had left through previously.

Hiccup, Merida, and Rapunzel stood awkwardly in the room, looking back and forth between each other. Evidently trying to break the tension Rapunzel gestured to Toothless "So-uh-why do you call him Toothless?"

Toothless growled at the mention of his name and Hiccup reached down to scratch just behind his head, trying to calm the rigid dragon "Its ok buddy, it's alright." He whispered before addressing Rapunzel "Well, when I first met him I didn't think he had any teethâ€¦" he explained, feeling rather foolish what with the row of intimidating fangs Toothless had been baring at the room at large until just a moment ago. Looking back at Rapunzel he decided to mimic her "You mind me asking what's with the hair? I mean I've seen some long hair but you put anyone I've ever met to shame." She blushed slightly before launching into a story about a sun flower (not a sunflower apparently, but a flower from the sun), magic hair, captivity in a tower, a dashing rescuer (some people have all the luck), a desperate flight from the law and an evil witch and a happy ending. Hiccup had to admit that he was impressed by her story, he wouldn't have expected that from the frail looking woman in front of him; of course he only had her words to go off but it was a pretty fantastic tale to weave on the spot.

"How long does he expect us to wait for 'im?" Merida said with exasperation. Hiccup had to admit that it had been quite a while since North had left the room. Never one to sit idly for long Hiccup started toward the door, ignoring Rapunzel's warning to stay put and Toothless' low worried whine. Inching the door open he carefully made his way his way down the empty hallway outside of the room, his boots clomping quietly against the polished wood floor. He hallway turned left after a few dozen feet, leading to a passageway with several doors lining the walls. Hiccup was about to check the nearest when a raised voice caught his attention.

"'-don't think you understand North! You are asking me to turn them into a team that can save the worldâ€¦in less than a month! Maybe Aster could do it in a few months, but you're asking for the impossible!" The white haired teen's voice was angry, exasperatedâ€¦and desperate? Hiccup followed the voice to its source, a large room with a vaulted ceiling lined with stained glass windows and dominated by a giant golden globe with thousands of twinkling lights set in the center of the room. A walkway rounded the room,

where North and the white haired boy stood arguing.

"Nothing is impossible Jack, you must believe, believing key to-" North as saying in the jolly tone that Hiccup assumed was just his default mode.

"Ya, believe, I've heard the speech before North. Guess what I learned a long time ago? Just cause you believe something doesn't make it magically happen, no matter how bad you may want it to!" The teen's voice was shouting now, anger overriding all other emotions but the desperation. When North spoke again his voice was hard, the words almost too quiet for Hiccup to hear as he inched closer.

"Jack. They are heroes! They have beaten darkness by selves already, together this _will_ work, but only if you believe it will. No go back, apologize and introduce self because like it or not, they are last hope!" Jack sighed deeply, running one pale hand over his face before meeting North's gaze.

"Fine. Might as well meet the people who are going to doom us, eh?" With that he turned and started making his way back toward the library room, and directly toward Hiccup. The Viking turned on his heel and moved as quickly as possible without drawing attention to himself back to the room, closing the door quietly and shushing the questions aimed at him. Just as he made his back to Toothless, who pressed his head against his side in a relived gesture, the door opened again, Jack stepping into the room and closing the sturdy door behind him. Stepping forward, Jack said, "My name is Jack Frost, and welcome to Santoff Claussen." He took a step toward Rapunzel "I'm sorry, I'm sure this must be very frightening." He moved on to Merida who fixed the teen in a glare that clearly wished him bodily harm "I'm sorry, I'm sure you batheâ€|occasionally." Then he was in front of Hiccup, his bright blue eyes seemed to be appraising him as the scanned the young Viking for a long moment before he spoke "I'm sorry." With that he turned and strode back to the front of the room.

"Now, let's get to know each other a little, shall we? North already told you my story, now it's time to hear yours." Jack said, looking around at each of them expectantly. There was silence before Rapunzel moved forward a little and recounted the same story she had told a few minutes ago before stepping back again. Jack didn't comment, merely looked at Merida. The red haired girl stood stepped forward slowly, her burning gaze never leaving Jack's face as she told a story of suitors and witches and giant bears and willow wisps and triumph. Somehow the story didn't not surprise Hiccup, unlike Rapunzel Merida looked exactly like the kind of girl who could go through something like that and come out on top. Now they were all looking at him, great, the center of attention, just where he loved to be. As quickly as he could he recounted the story of finding Toothless, befriending him, the attack on the nest and the destruction of Red Death.

Jack, having kept a impassive face through all the stories finally cracked a small smile _Hell of a smile._ Said Hiccup's ever annoying inner voice, and honestly he couldn't argue this time. Looking from one of them to the other "Well, maybe were not so doomed after all. The Yetis will show you to your rooms. Get some sleep tonight, tomorrow we start." With that Jack turned, resting his staff on one

shoulder, and strode from the room.

There we are, sorry if its a little slow, kinda had to get the intro out of the way before the real fun can start. Hopefully next chapter will be up soon, but school is starting to wind down and apparently all the professors forgot to assign their homework and are making up for lost time -- Please let me know what you think of the story with a little review, liked it, hate it, have questions, whatever, I love getting you guys feedback and I'm thankful for each and every one of my readers. Love you all! ^)^

4. Chapter 3, in which discoveries are made

Hey all, Sorry for the wait here, school is winding down for me, which means I've got like 5 final papers/projects/presentations to prepare for -- Hopefully the next chapter will be up sooner, my professors willing! Hope you all Enjoy ^^

It took Hiccup several moments to remember where he was when he awoke, his face resting against Toothless' warm side, one large green eye looking down at him as Toothless shifted the wing that had been draped over him like a blanket. "Heeeeeeeeeey buddy." He yawned groggily, scratching absentmindedly behind Toothless' ear tuft. Looking around Hiccup felt momentarily overwhelmed by the reality (ironic term that) of the situation he found himself in; waking up in another universe in the abode of a self-proclaimed wizard who needed his help to kill something he had already killedâ€|yea "reality" was certainly a relative term at this point. He looked at the bed with slight regret as his neck ached dully, a symptom of using a dragon as a pillow. It couldn't be helped though, a fruitless attempt to fall asleep in the unfamiliar embrace of the admittedly comfortable bed Hiccup had given it up as a lost cause and curled up with Toothless, the dragon's familiar presence a much needed comfort.

Hiccup's mental ruminations were interrupted by a sharp rap at the door. "It's alright buddy." He said in response to Toothless' low growl, getting up and opening the door. Hiccup would have liked to say that he faced the large hairy creature that had shown him to his room the previous night with composure, he would like to say that he didn't scream at an octave higher than he cared to admit, but that would be a lie. Clutching his hand to his chest Hiccup deftly waived away the hand of the concerned creature as it reached toward him cautiously. Seemingly convinced he wasn't going to pass out by Hiccup's weak attempts to speak the creature handed him a large silver tray, saluted, turned on its heel, and walked quickly away.

Carrying the tray over to the bed, Hiccup set it on the soft quilt, pointedly ignoring the amused expression being leveled at him from across the room. The tray had a plate of food and a envelope with small sharp handwriting in a language he could not read. His eyes were drawn however to the plate, his stomach's sudden protests alerting him to just how long it had been since he had eaten anything. There was a large helping of eggs, some strips of fried meat, half of a large fruit that tasted strange to Hiccup and two thin slices of slightly brown bread that glistened slightly. Hiccup devoured the eggs, meat, and fruit before taking up one of the pieces of bread, it was hard and when he touched the slightly yellow side his finger came back greasy. He wasn't not at all sure about the

bread, but after a quick sniff found it smelling quite delectable, he went ahead and ate it; it was delicious, the greasy substance, which he was pretty sure was butter, mixed with the slightly burnt taste of the bread in a way he had never tasted before.

Now that he had eaten Hiccup went to investigate the envelope. To his surprise the runes on the front of the paper began to shift the moment his fingers came into contact with its smooth surface, coming to a stop in the familiar shape of Viking runes, spelling out his name. A childlike grin split Hiccup's face at the display and he couldn't help but laugh lightly as he opened the envelope, enjoying a similar performance from the words written on the folded parchment within. "Look at this." He said excitedly, showing the changing glyphs to Toothless. Grabbing the second piece of bread from the platter Hiccup read the note to himself, "Good morning everyone, hope you slept well. Enjoy your breakfast then please make your way to the practice field. I would like to see just what you can do with my own eyes. Just follow the arrow." Jack Frost. Below the message was a stylized arrow pointing at his door. Hiccup felt his stomach drop, there was no way this was going to end well. He debated just ignoring the note; he could jump on Toothless and head "oh yea. He sighed, resigned, and stood up, cracking a small smile as the arrow on the paper shifted with the paper so that it still pointed at the door.

"Well, let's go buddy. Might as well get this over with, eh?"

Hiccup left the room, Toothless following closely behind him as he followed the arrow through the sprawling fortress that was Santoff Clausen passing by dozens of the large furry creatures all working on some device or contraption. It was a conscious effort to keep himself from getting sidetracked by the various projects the yetis were working on, he nearly went over and assisted one several occasions as he made his way through the workshop before he made his way out of the maze of work benches and through several more hallways before coming to a very ornate door. There were four beautiful stained glass windows set into the door, a small golden man, a rainbow colored woman with wings, an absurdly large rabbit, and a red clad man that looked much like North. "These must be the Guardians" he muttered to Toothless as he ran a hand reverently over the glass before finding the handle and opening it.

The door opened to an antechamber with a less ornate more practical heavy wood door with metal bands reinforcing it. Hiccup made his way quickly to the larger door and threw it open, revealing a world of white and blue, the two endless expanses separated by the horizon. Looking at his note Hiccup continued to follow the arrow around the side of Santoff Clausen, coming to a large open field that was cleared of snow, giant walls of ice surrounding it protected it from the wind and snow. As he approached Hiccup could see three figures already on the field, the red and gold of Rapunzel and Merida's hair, respectively, made them easy to identify as did the blue of Jack's hoodie. As he reached the three, falling in next to Merida, Jack spoke.

"Glad you finally decided to join us. I trust you have a good reason for making us wait?" He waited, seeming content to stand there with his ice blue gaze trained on Hiccup until the young Viking answered. Hiccup bristled at the tone of Jack's voice, scolding, like he were some disobedient child! He fixed the pale teen with his own glare

before speaking.

"It took a while to get here through all the giant fur monsters."

"Hmm, well don't let the Yetis distract you in the future. I'm supposed to have you three ready to fight in a matter of days and I don't want to waste any precious time." Jack said, folding his hands behind his back like a military commander surveying his troops. "First of I want to see how each of you do in a fight. Who's first?" Hiccup was about to volunteer just to get it over with but Merida beat him to it, stepping forward eagerly.

"Don'cha think I'll be goi'n easy on ya just cause yer a toothpick." With an excited gleam in her eye.

"I'd hope you wouldn't. What do you fight with? You arrived with a bow but I need to assess your martial skill."

"I'm handy with a broadsword if ya must know snow pixie."

"Very well." Jack clasped his hands, closing his eyes in concentration and slowly drawing them apart, a sheet of shimmering ice appearing in the space between his pale palms. As he drew his hands farther apart the shape of a sword became visible, refining itself until he lifted a perfect copy of a blade, proffering it to Merida who took it and swung it several times. "Whenever you're ready."

"Not bad, pretty well balanced and good weight, nothin' compared to real steel mind ya." She said thoughtfully before exploding into action, swinging the icy blade at Jack's head. The frosty teen was fast, and he managed to flip his staff up and get it into position to block the blow just in time.

"Ha! Good try!" he shouted out, his voice acquiring a tone of amusement as his face pulled into a small smile. Merida did not acknowledge his remark with words, instead choosing to launch a series of rapid blows at Jack's head and chest area, each arching swing intercepted masterfully by a gnarled wood staff. There was something mesmerizing about watching the two of them go at it, the sun glinting off of Merida's icy blade and the frost that seemed to stick to Jack created a strobe-like effect, so fast and fierce was their contest. No matter how fast or complicated Merida's strike was Jack's staff was always there to meet it, the red head's face darkening in shade almost to that of her hair, sweat beading her forehead as she strove to even touch her opponent. In contrast Jack didn't appear to be under any sort of strain, his expression one of joyful exhilaration as he deftly parried every blow, though never attempting to counter with any blow of his own.

"They're like perfect opposites." Rapunzel said as she leaned over toward Hiccup. Hiccup had to agree with that statement; Merida fought with a fiery drive, each of her motions moving her into position for a more powerful strike in her sets. Jack, however, moved with more grace each motion putting him in the position to counter Merida perfectly. Hiccup found himself marveling at the ease with which Jack moved, every action seemingly effortless and second nature; he doubted that even Astrid, who was widely considered the best fighter in the village, could match up to Jack.

A full fifteen minutes passed with Merida and Jack going full force and Hiccup and Rapunzel watching in awe before Jack spin his staff to part a cross-cut from Merida, hooked the curve around the hilt of the blade and twisted it. The blade fell to the ground with a light tinkle as Merida dropped to one knee panting hard, her shoulder's rising and falling rapidly as she attempted in vein to catch her breath. "Good, good. We might not be completely screwed after all," Jack said, reaching down and grabbing the icy sword by the blade and proffering the hilt to Merida "of course the inferior strength and speed will need to be dealt with, I'll talk to North about thatâ€¦" Jack murmured seemingly to himself, trailing off before turning to Rapunzel "So, what's your preferred weapon?"

Rapunzel looked a bit sheepish as she replied "uhâ€¦frying pan?"

Jack let out an amused laugh at her statement "Ha! Oh, that was good, I needed that. Really now, what do you like to fight with?" Hiccup would have given a great deal to a picture of Jack's face when he realized Rapunzel was serious, the combination of dumbfounded shock and incredulous disbelief was hilarious. "A frying pan? You fight with a frying pan? I suppose it's too late to retract what I said about us not being screwed huh?"

"Scared to fight my frying pan?" Rapunzel said, the derision in her voice surprised Hiccup, she didn't seem the type. Jack let out a chuckle, his mouth curving up into a grin.

"I'm not afraid of much, and frying pans, don't make the list." With that he clasped his hands and a moment later a solid ice frying pan was clutched between his palms; he handed it to Rapunzel and then settled into a ready pose.

Rapunzel moved faster than Hiccup gave her credit for, twirling around Jack in tight circles as she swung wildly, most at his head, trying to smack him with the frying pan. Again Jack blocked every strike flawlessly, making no move to counter attack as he gauged Rapunzel's fighting skill. While not in the same league as Merida or Jack, Rapunzel was a surprisingly good fighter, better than he was Hiccup admitted to himself reluctantly. The fight lasted for just under a minute before Rapunzel swung wide at Jack head, icy pan meeting wooden staff midair, and, giving a little wave with her left hand, grabbed her hair with her other hand; With a hard yank she pulled the golden strands that had gone unnoticed by everyone, including Jack, right until they wrapped around his legs and pulled him to the ground, his lower half thoroughly encased in golden locks. With a triumphed grin she stepped forward and placed a foot on Jack's chest. There was a moment of silence and then Jack burst out laughing, his while frame shaking at his mirth.

"Once again you've proved me wrong, very impressive, Goldilocks." Jack said as he grinned up at Rapunzel, trying to worm his way out of his bindings. After a moment she took pity on him and let go of her hair, releasing the tension as it went slack, allowing Jack to slip free. "It seems North was right when he called you _heroes_". Jack said as he picked himself up off the ground. Leaning against his staff Jack turned his attention to Hiccup, the smile sliding form his face, a slightly amused smirk replacing it. "Well Toothpick, let's see what you've got then shall we? What do you fight with? You _can_

fight, right, you've done it before?"

Hiccup was taken aback by the mocking tone in Jack's voice and the obvious digs; he hadn't even spoken three words to the guy and he was already mocking him. Hiccup found himself feeling vindicated in his original evaluation of Jack. "I don't really fight!" Hiccup said, his voice barely above a mumble, his eyes scanning the ground.

"I'd say I was surprised, but that would be a lie. What can you do then, other than sit on a dragon while it does all the work I mean." Jack sounded bored as he spoke.

Anger flared in Hiccup at Jack's words and his eyes shot up to lock onto Jack's, the bright blue stared back seeming to dare him to respond. "I prefer to think my way out of situations rather than just hack my way out." He said, adding as much derision to his voice as he could.

"Right, so you think. I'm sure that takes considerable effort for you. North didn't ask me for thinkers though, he asked me for heroes, and that's what he'll get." Jack said, an amused expression on his face as he clasped his hands. After a moment he was holding a long icy blade, thinner and slightly shorter than Merida's, handing it to Hiccup "Show me what you've got."

Hiccup felt his anger heighten at Jack's off handed insult, where did he get off insulting Hiccup like that? He debated ignoring the proffered blade, but he wanted to make Jack eat his words. He grabbed the hilt and swung it immediately at Jack, who parried it easily. He parried the next four swings in much the same manner. "As that all you've got? Punzie did better than that with a _frying pan!_" Hiccup could feel a pressure forming behind his eyes as Jack continued to taunt him with each foiled attack, going as far as to look away a yawn as he parried a crosscut from Hiccup. "Come on! This is _pathetic!_" He shouted, swinging his staff in a fast cross blow; Hiccup tried to get his sword up in time to block the unexpected counter attack-he was in inch to slow. The hard wood of Jack's staff connected painfully with the side of Hiccup's face snapping his head to the side and causing him to stumble backwards several steps before falling to the ground. The inside of Hiccup's cheek stung and he could taste the coppery tang of blood in the back of his throat. The pressure behind his eyes was painful now as he looked up at Jack, the pale teen's upper lip was curled in disgust as he looked down at Hiccup "Get up." He spat at the prone Viking.

Hiccup was about to respond when a mass of snarling black scales slammed into Jack, sending him flying several yards. Jack grunted as he landed on his back, Toothless crouching on his chest as he clamped tried to clamp his jaws around Jack's chest. Toothless snarled in surprise as Jack give him a powerful shove, sending the sizeable dragon flying into the air. Twisting in midair Toothless let loose three blasts of fire that burst into steam as Jack countered with three bright blue bolts of ice. Toothless landed in a crouch and was about to lunge at Jack again when Hiccup sprang to his feet, shouting "Stop!" He spit some blood out of his mouth before continue "Stop it already! Thor I am so _done_ with this! I've been here a _day_ and already I'm the outcast! Tell North to send me back to Berk, as least it was a hell I was used to! I don't want to be your hero, I don't want to be anyone's hero! Pitch can destroy your whole world for all

I care!" His head was throbbing, the pressure behind his eyes making him feel like it was going to burst.

"I knew you weren't hero material, North is rarely wrong but even he makes mistakes sometimes. GO ahead and run home with your tail between your legs, we don't need you here to slow us down anyhow." Jack's face was twisted in contempt as he waved his hand dismissively at Hiccup.

The pressure in his head was almost blinding now and it made it hard to think as Hiccup glared at Jack "You are such an ass! You don't know anything about me. No, screw it, I'm done with you!" At his last word Hiccup pointed at Jack, all his anger bubbling up at that moment until he wanted to scream. With a sensation like a wave of heat washing over him Hiccup felt the pressure in his head vanish as a tingling sensation ran down his arm to the tip of his finger and a bolt of crackling green energy erupted his outstretched hand toward Jack. His entire body was frozen in place, his breath caught in his chest as he watched the emerald bolt streaking through the air. Looking at Jack, Hiccup saw not the surprise he would expect if someone suddenly shot lightning at him, but a broad grin that looked almost triumphant as he held out his hand, a nimbus of blowing blue energy surrounding it. It turned a light teal color as the emerald bolt hit it and bounced off, flying out over the barren tundra before leaving a sizable crater in a nearby ice wall.

Hiccup gasped in a deep breath of air as he collapsed to one knee, his entire body shuddering. Hiccup looked down wide eyed at his shaking hands, his breathing was fast and ragged. "What was that?" He asked Jack, his voice little more than a croak.

"Right again North," Jack mumbled to himself before addressing Hiccup. "Here, come with me." He held out a hand to Hiccup, a pleased smile on his face. Hiccup was taken aback by Jack's sudden change in demeanor, but he suddenly found himself far too tired to truly care.

"What was that?" Hiccup repeated his voice stronger.

"Come with me." Jack repeated a little more forcefully, still offering his hand. After a brief hesitation Hiccup took it. He stumbled as he went to take a step and Jack slipped under his arm, draping Hiccup's arm over his shoulders and helping support him as they made their way off the field and into the maze of corridors that made up Santoff Clausen. "Don't worry," Jack said encouragingly "North will explain everything when we reach him." Hiccup merely nodded, concentrating on putting one foot in front of the other as he leaned his weight on Jack; He was determined to make it to North despite the waves of dizziness that washed over him, he wanted answers-and he was going to get them.

There you have it! This one was originally the first half of a chapter and it just got so long I made it its own chapter so sorry if it is a tad confusing, it will be explained soon ^^ If you liked it, or if you didn't, leave me a review and let me know why! Seriously, I live off those things ;P See everyone soon, I love you all!

****Hey all, first off just let me say how sorry I am this took so long! With the school year wrapping up and some real life drama and writers block it just seemed like the world was against this chapter! Apologies in advance, the chapter is a little slow, lot of explanations and stuff, hate doing it but it's gotta be done. I promise there will be another more fun chapter out soon. Enjoy! ****

Chapter 4 in which questions are raised and answers given

Hiccup's mind was racing as he followed Jack through the maze like hallways of Santoff Clausen his feet walking mechanically, trying with little success to make sense of what had just happened. No matter how he weighed it, he kept coming to the same impossible conclusion; somehow, he, Hiccup "The Worthless" Horrendous Haddock III, the greatest disappointment to come out of his tribe in living memory, the most un-Viking Viking ever born on Berk, had used magic. He had no idea how that was possible, but he'd seen himself shoot lightning, actual lightning, at Jack and he certainly didn't have any other explanation for that. He had never had so much as a hint of any kind of magical anything in the past. He'd just been incredibly mad at Jack and wanted to knock the mocking sneer off his face when suddenly lightning.

Hiccup so engrossed in his thoughts was that he walked right into Jack before he realized the taller boy had stopped in front of an innate stained glass door, the intricate patterns featuring the various phases of the moon. He stepped back quickly, expecting some sort of angry reaction from Jack, the low growl that sounded from just behind him told Hiccup Toothless was expecting the same. "Sorry!" He said quickly, throwing both hands up in an apologetic and slightly defensive gesture.

"Don't worry about it." He said with a smile, waving away Hiccup's apology. Turning on his heel Jack grabbed the large handle, shaped like a crescent moon, and opened the door, revealing the same library Hiccup had arrived in the previous night. Raising his voice Jack called out "North? North! North, you were right as usual, I've brought him!"

There was a jubilant exclamation from somewhere farther back in the many rows of bookshelves, followed by the sound of something large hitting the floor. The heavy footfalls of his giant black boots announcing his arrival, North stepped out from an isle between two shelves and grinned at Hiccup, the red of his mouth in stark contrast with his beard as he opened his mouth and let out another boisterous laugh.

"Ah-ha! I knew it! I felt it, in my belly! You got it out of him then?" North said, his question directed at Jack.

"Yea, took a lot though, I wasn't sure if I'd be able to break him." Jack said, lazily resting his staff over one shoulder, a pleased look on his face.

"A tough one eh? Well I'm hoping was not too hard on you." North said, his gaze jumping to Hiccup before returning to Jack, giving the confused Viking no time at all to respond. "So, what he do? Manipulation? Transmute something? Good old fashion kinetics?"

Jack shook his head, an even wider smile spreading across his face "Nope. It was a full on manifestation North."

The large man froze where he was, rummaging through a large trunk shoved under a desk that was piled nearly to the ceiling with dozens of books of every shape and size, and turned to stare at Hiccup, his eyebrows so high they were lost within his hair. "Was it now? Well done my boy!" North boomed, walking over and clapping Hiccup on the back so hard the small boy stumbled forward slightly, throwing out an arm to keep his balance.

His frustration boiling over now, Hiccup shouted "Hey!" getting both Jack's and North's attention, the latter stopping mid-sentence as he looked down at the small and rather angry Viking boy before him. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, it wasn't like him to be so easily frustrated, Hiccup started to speak. "What was that out there? Why was he," he pointed at Jack "trying to 'break me,' what is a 'manifestation,' and what in the name of hel is going on?" he demanded, his gaze darting from North to Jack and back again.

"Ah! Of course, you are wanting explanation da?" Hiccup nodded his head slowly, his expression a mixture of exasperation and bemusement. "Well, is really very simple matter. You, Hiccup, are wizard." North said, the large man speaking as if he had just said something glaringly obvious like 'the sky is blue' or 'Hiccup, you look like you're about to pass out.'

"I'm aâ€|no." Hiccup let out a disbelieving laugh as he stammered, looking for the words to make this large and all too enthusiastic man understand that there was some sort of mistake. "I can't be aâ€|a wizard. You must have made a mistake because I'm, well, not a lot of things but certainly not a wizard."

"I am sure you are many things Hiccup, you would not be here if not so, and one of them is wizard!" North boomed, leaning down so as to tower slightly less over the small Viking.

"I can't be a wizard! I've never used magic before in my life, I've never had the smallest hint of it, never made anything happen I couldn't explain, nothing! How would I suddenly become a wizard?" Hiccup's voice was raising as he felt his heart begin to beat faster as he felt the icy chill of fear starting to worm its way into his chest. Magic was mistrusted at best by his people, and more often than not outright hated, if he really was a wizard then it was just another thing to ostracize him from his tribe and he had plenty of those already, thanks.

"Hiccup, are you alright?" North's face was suddenly concerned, an understandable reaction considering Hiccup could feel himself beginning to hyperventilate. In a moment Toothless was at his side, offering a supporting shoulder which he used to prop himself up more steadily on a shaking arm. Even as he felt a full blown panic attack starting to set in Hiccup couldn't help but be a confused and more than a little annoyed; why were his emotions running so hot today? He had always felt things a bit stronger the most of the people he knew (another un-viking like property he had) but he'd never been so easily swept away by his emotions.

"North, I think he might still be suffering the effect of theâ€|"
Jack piped up from where he had perched himself, on top of one of the

closer bookshelves, his bare feet hanging down and bumping old tombs as he swung his legs lazily. He tapped his head at his words trailed off.

"Oh! Of course, how could I be forgetting!" North shouted as he ran over to a table that was covered with dozens of glass vials of every shape and size all filled with liquids of every color of the spectrum. After a moment of rummaging, light clinking sounds, and several low Russian words that sounded like curses filling the air, North moved back to Hiccup who was trying to calm himself with moderate success. Handing Hiccup a small vial with a clear liquid that seemed to shimmer slightly in its transparent capsule he said "Here, drink. Will make you feel better."

Hiccup eyes the unknown substance for several long seconds, his gaze jumping from the beaker to North's encouraging face several times before he grabbed the tube and downed it in one gulp. He gagged as an acrid taste filled his mouth and burnt its way down his throat; he started coughing violently as a bitter after taste settled into the back of his throat. A moment later he retched, closing his mouth as he felt his breakfast return for a much less present encore, leaving a sour taste on his tongue before he forced it back down, letting out a small burp as he shuddered.

His voice barely above a croak Hiccup said "The hell _was_ that?" speaking burned his throat slightly.

"Was antidote, you feel better now?" North asked, taking the now empty vial from Hiccup and slipping it into an inner pocket of his velvety red cloak.

"Other than the burning throat, nausea, and after taste of vomit?" Hiccup retorted, one hand pressed to his stomach as he slowly straightened up.

North looked none at all put out by the sharp reply, instead casting an appraising eye at Hiccup as he said "But emotions are under control now da?"

"I guess so, more than they were before, wait, how did you know my emotions were getting out of control?" Hiccup asked, suddenly suspicious "What exactly was that an antidote for?"

"I think you should start from the beginning North," Jack said from his perch atop the bookshelf "would be faster than piecing it together question by question."

"Yes, beginning is good place to start, but which beginning?" The large man ran a hand through his beard, stroking his chin as he looked thoughtfully into the distance for a moment. He looked about to start speaking several times, but each time he would stop and close his mouth, his face scrunching up in contemplation. Finally, after several more failed attempts to start, North said "Let's start at very beginning. Magic, Hiccup, is all around us. It drifts through the air we breathe, it flows through the water we drink and it permeates the very earth we walk upon. Magic, in its truest form, is the life energy of the world. Most people go through their lives unaware of magic that shapes every aspect of their existence; there are special few, though, who are aware of this magic and can manipulate it to some degree. Most of those who control magic control

in innately-" Hiccup tried to control his curiosity and stay quiet through North's explanation, he really did, but finally he just couldn't ignore the questions anymore.

"How does someone become aware of magic? Are they born like that or do they learn it? What do you mean manipulate magic, what can they do? What do you mean by-" The questions flooding from Hiccup were interrupted by a booming laugh as North threw his head back and bellowed, his large frame jumping as he boomed his mirth to the ceiling.

"You have inquisitive mind, this is good! Good wizard must be creative and inquisitive," he said as he made his way over toward a bookshelf, perusing the shelf before pulling a large leather bound volume from the top shelf and returning to Hiccup "Good wizard also listens and learns."

Hiccup felt a bit of warmth suffuse his ears at North's reproach, light was it was. "Sorryâ€|"

"Don't be, never apologize for questions Hiccup! Now, where was Iâ€|" North trailed off as he attempted to regain the train of thought he had lost.

"Me." Jack piped up from the corner of the room where he had hooked his staff over a beam in the ceiling and, gripping the length of gnarled wood with his legs and hands, was hanging upside down, a pleased looking grin plastered across his pale face.

"Ah yes. Most people who are sensitive to the magic are attuned to a particular aspect or facet of magic and can control it innately. Most of these people have been doing it since they were born, it is natural for them, as second nature as walking or talking for you or I." Seemingly wanting to illustrate North's point, Jack gave a little jump, unhooked his staff, and did a once around the large library, dropping a layer of snow onto Hiccup as he passed overhead.

Brushing the fluffy powder from his hair Hiccup shot a glare at Jack before saying "Well that's clearly not me, I'm pretty sure if notice if I'd been using magic since I was little."

"Of course, and no is not. Of people who are sensitive to magic, there are a very special few who are attuned to magic in its purest, most base form. These people can shape that magic in any way they want, manipulating any aspect of magic they desire, they are the wizards of the world Hiccup; that is what you are, and what I am."

"So you're saying that I can do anything I want by snapping my fingers?" Hiccup said, more than a little skepticism in his voice.

"With enough practice, and a strong enough will, yes." North said, punctuating his statement with a snap of his fingers. To Hiccup's amazement a small bird, no larger than his hand flared into existence over North's hand, still in the post-snap position. The creature was made up entirely of a glowing, sparking, contently fluctuating mass of bright red light; twittering happily it flew around North's head three times before heading straight at Hiccup, bursting into a group of little sparks which slowly drifted toward the floor before fading

from existence.

"What was-" Hiccup's voice caught in his dry throat and he stopped to swallow twice before speaking again "what was that?"

"Magic!" North exclaimed, throwing his hands, one still clutching the book he had retrieved, out in emphasis.

Hiccup had always been a very open minded person, and that open mindedness had paid off in more ways than he could count, but even he was having a hard time wrapping his mind around everything North was saying. "How did you know I was a?" Hiccup waved his hand vaguely, unable to say the word 'wizard' "Why now then? Why did this magic suddenly pop up now?"

"Those whose magic is innate, like Jack, usually have it from the moment of birth. People like you and me, we could go entire lives without ever even knowing about our magic, unless something happens to trigger it."

"Like what?"

"Like exposure to large magic, or powerfully emotional event-" North was interrupted by Jack, who had returned to his place hanging from the ceiling like a strange blue and white bat.

"Or a little elixir in your morning juice." He said with a devilish grin.

"JACK!" North bellowed, shooting a surprisingly cold glare at the winter spirit from beneath his busy white eyebrows.

It took a moment for Jack's words to click in Hiccup's head but when they did his eyes grew slightly wider and he pointed an accusatory finger at North "You spiked my drink?"

"No!" North exclaimed, looking askance before losing some of his bluster "Well yes, but was harmless to wizards."

"Uh huh, and what if I hadn't been a wizard?"

"Then swelling would have gone down in a day or two." North said quickly before moving on "Point is, you are wizard Hiccup." Giving the small boy an encouraging smile which Hiccup did not return.

"What exactly did you spike my drink with?" North sighed deeply, before speaking.

"Was just a small elixir to help awaken magic in you. I could talk till sun is set twice and not be able to explain how to use magic, is something you have to experience yourself first. Elixir helped open your mind to the magic and also gave your emotions stronger hold of you, and I asked Jack to do what he could to make you angry."

"Oh, and here I thought he was just a giant prick. Why would you want me angry though?"

North chuckled lightly before responding "Only sometimes." He ignored Jack's indignant 'hey!'. "And I wanted Jack to anger you because

anger is easiest emotion to insight, and can burn very strong very fast. Is a crude and rushed method for engendering first magic, but time is against us." Hiccup was quiet for a long time before finally speaking "What if I don't believe you?"

With a small grin North handed him the book he had taken from the bookshelf. Looking down at the worn leather cover Hiccup saw several lines of looping gold writing embossed on the cover written in some language that Hiccup had never seen before.

"Ummm, thanks but uh, I mean don't get me wrong it's a lovely book, but I have no idea what this says." Hiccup said, hefting the book every which way, admiring the way the letters glimmered in the different angles of light.

"Are you sure?" North said with a knowing look.

"Pretty sure, seeing as I've never seen this language before in my life." Hiccup said, gesturing at the cover offhandedly.

"Really?" North sounded surprised "Huh, I guess you are not wizard then, my mistake."

Hiccup stared at the large man incredulously, irritation flaring into full blown anger as he thought about everything North had just told him, the quiet but growing louder every second hope that he was right, and now it was 'his mistake?' "What? So now nothing you said matters, just because I can't read some stupid old book? That seems like a pretty stu-" Hiccup's voice caught in his throat as he glanced down at the book, his fist freezing in its downward arch toward the book an inch from the cover. Before his astonished eyes the scrawling script on the cover was shifting, changing until it formed the words "I Believe: A Beginner's Guide to the Most Wondrous Fundamentals of Magic." Looking up at North, Hiccup thought he had never seen such a smug smile in all his life.

"You are wizard." North said his expression going from smug grin to an almost fatherly smile, one which Hiccup couldn't help but return. "And a fine wizard I am sure."

"Oh he'll be a fine wizard, very _fine_ if you ask me." Jack's voice cut in.

Hiccup felt his cheeks flush slightly at the comment and North rolled his eyes before winking at Hiccup. With a soft snap, Jack's hoddie fell down over his face, blocking his view of North and Hiccup, and revealing a considerable amount of sculpted pale midriff for a slit second before Jack yelped in surprise and tumbled to the ground, having lost his grip on his staff, Hiccup quickly turned his face to hide the brighter red tint that had crept into his cheeks and the guffaw that broke from his lips at the sight. North joined in with his signature booming laugh and even Jack, after a "ha ha, very funny" joined in.

After their group mirth subsided Hiccup said "So, uhâ€¦what now exactly? Am I likeâ€¦your apprentice now?" He asked, rubbing the back of his head in a self-conscious way. North chuckled lightly before replying "Now you go and relax for today, get to know everyone better. Tomorrow you come here, I have much to teach, and you Hiccup, you have much to learn."

There ya go, hope you liked it and I hope it all made sense! Either which way let me know with that new review box thingy over there! ^^ Love you all!

End
file.